

Darkness Saga

by Elf

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Summary: Buffy's been made into a vampire, and if you think that's she's one of the good guys, you're absoulty wrong.

1. Default Chapter Title

Disclaimer: I don't own anybody, so there.

>

BUFFY ANNE SUMMERS

1981-1999

THE CHOSEN ONE, THE

LIGHT IN THE DARK

RIP

>

Angel kissed the white rose before he laid it down on the fresh grave. She was dead. It wasn't fair. Life wasn't fair. He knelt before the grave, sifting his fingers through the fresh soil.

>

"Damn it," he quietly murmured, not knowing to sob or laugh hysterically. He chose the latter as tears trickled from his eyes. She had been killed. The Slayer had been slain. He reached out to touch the tombstone, not willing to accept the fact that she had died.

>

If it would have brought her back, he would steak himself right in front of her grave at that moment. It wasn't fair. He wanted to howl with the injustice of it. She gave up her life for these mortals, and they did not know about it. At least the people he saved knew, at

least somewhat, who he was. Buffy didn't have that luxury.

>

"Angel." Angel turned around to see Spike standing behind him. Angel tensed as he rose to his full height to tower over the other vampire. Spike looked sad, lost almost, which Angel wasn't in the mood to believe at the moment. The white-haired vamp should have been celebrating, dancing in circles with glee on her grave, not playing the roll of a respectful mourner, and certainly not the roll of a pitting friend to her ex-lover.

>

Spike sniffled loudly and croaked in his Cockney accent, "I tried to save her, mate, but I just didn't get there on time. I'm sorry Angel. I knew what she meant to you."

>

Angel laughed. A hard bitter laugh, one that made Spike flinch. Angel said, "Like I really believe that Spike." He started to walk away. He called after Spike, "I have things I need to do."

>

Spike ran to catch up with his sire. Neither vampire noticed a small hand clawing out of the fresh soil, a small, dirt covered head emerging from the grave, or the blond girl pulling herself out of the grave. Rather, a small blond female vampire. Her delicate features were twisted into a feral, demonic snarl and her green eyes were glowing golden.

>

The vampire that was Buffy Summers, once the Slayer, dusted herself off and said, in a cheery, singsong voice, "I'm hungry."

>

Four Days Later

Rupert Giles, former Watcher, quietly sipped on his tea. It felt like a dark shroud had been placed over his life since Buffy was killed. He knew it would happen one day, but he didn't expect it so soon. And he also didn't expect how much it would hurt.

>

>

Giles had experienced death before, even the woman he loved, but this, in some way was sadder. Maybe because his pupil's life was so tragic. Buffy, no matter how much she wanted to, never gave up. Even in the face of her own death. She would even die for the ones she cared about. She had almost killed herself to save Angel.

>

Oh, God, I wonder how he is handling this, Giles thought for the doomed vampire. Despite Angel's many faults he did love Buffy, truly and deeply. He had gone to Hell and back for her, suffered torture for her, and had left her in hopes that would better her life.

>

He stood up and looked out of the window of his condo. It was bright and sunny, because of Buffy. She had saved the world countless times in the past, and all she got for it was the legacy of a few mortals, a Watcher's Diary written about her, and the memory of an immortal. As long as Angel was alive Buffy would not be forgotten.

>

That gave the former Watcher a small amount of comfort.

>

Xander Harris stuffed his hands into his khaki pants' pockets and sniffled loudly. "Damn it," he grumbled, all traces of his ironic wit gone. To anyone he looked like some lost puppy dog, wandering around the street, mourning the loss of one of his best friends. Xander wanted to shout with the unfairness of it, but where would that get him?

>

Nothing.

>

He started to go to the Bronze, but realized he couldn't. It was too soon. Too many memories there that Xander couldn't handle right now. He looked up at the sky. It would be dark soon. Sunnydale was no safe place after dark.

>

That was another thing, with Buffy dead, Sunnydale had no protector. Angel had left as suddenly as he came, so everything was out in the open. "That bastard, he could have stayed longer, she would have for him," he grumbled.

>

He didn't want to go home, and he didn't want to go to the Bronze, so where was a mourning 19-year-old boy going to go? _I'll know I'll go see Giles_, Xander thought. Giles would make him feel better, cuz' Giles was just cool like that. He'd probably say something really British and give some big lecture, but that would make Xander feel, just a little bit, better.

>

He looked up at the sky. Night had fallen, coating the streets in darkness. "Xander." He turned. He knew that voice. "Xander," it said it again.

>

"Huh?" he asked, looking around, grabbing for the crucifix in his shirt. "Xander, it's me," the very familiar voice said.

>

"Buffy?" he asked in awe.

>

She emerged from the shadows, smiling her Buffy smile at him.

"Xander," she said moving to him.

>

He wanted to dance with joy. _She's alive! She's alive!_ He cried out, "Buffy!" He wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tightly. She held him closely, too hard. Like Faith did when she tried to kill him. It didn't feel right, and she held him for too long. She should have let go a few moments ago, but she didn't.
>

"Buffy, you could let me go now," he quipped. _Okay Harris, what the hell are you saying, maybe she opened her eyes and forgot about Dead Boy._ But something deep inside of him knew differently. He tried to push her away, but, she was stronger than she was before. It wasn't Buffy holding him.
>

It defiantly wasn't Buffy giggling demonically at him. "Oh god," he knew what had happened to her. "I'm so sorry Buff," he managed as he tried to get away from her.
>

He couldn't. It was like fighting steel. With one punch Angel had knocked him out for about 20 minutes, he didn't want to know what she was going to do to him. She chuckled, "Don't be Xander, I'm not." Then she snarled. He tried to grab his cross, but it was too late when razor fangs ripped into his throat. He tried to scream, but only a gurgle came out.
>

Los Angeles

9:00 P.M.
>

Doyle watched as Angel slung the vampire into stacked metal garbage cans. The vampire stood up, shook himself off and snarled. Angel motioned for it to come closer and said, "Come on, you wanna a piece of me."
>

The vampire lunged its self blindly at Angel, a bad move. Angel grinned a bit as his steak fount it's mark. The vampire looked up at Angel for a moment before it exploded into a cloud of dust.

Doyle asked him, "Was that nessicary?"
>

"What?" the vampire asked as he slipped his well-worn steak into his leather jacket.
>

Doyle swallowed and took his flask out of his jacket. With the flask, he indicated the pile of dust on the ground. He unscrewed the cap as he answered, "All that violence."
>

Angel shrugged, "I just killed a vampire, no big deal. I made the city a little safer, anything else."
>

"Look I know your taking her death hard, but you don't need to . . ."
Doyle couldn't finish the sentence. Angel's gaze was shooting daggers at him.
>

He said two words, "I'm fine."
>

"No, you're not," Doyle told him. To prove it the half-demon asked,
"When's the last time you've slept?"
>

Angel shrugged. "A few days ago, not sure. It doesn't matter, I'm gonna live forever, so what if I don't sleep a few days."
>

"Okay, better question, when's the last time you ate?"
>

Again that shrug. He said, "Yesterday, I think."
>

Doyle rolled his eyes and said, "This isn't going to bring her back you know. No matter how many vampires or demons you kill, it isn't gonna bring her back, man."
>

Angel glared at him. Doyle straitened up and glared back. Angel could kick his ass without breaking a sweat, and Angel was a hell of a lot tougher, and there was the fact that he was immortal and Doyle wasn't.
>

"Come on," Doyle said as he grabbed Angel's arm and led him out of the ally. Surprisingly, Angel didn't shrug him off. Doyle went on,
"Lets get you a drink, my treat."
>

Sunnydale

Morning, time unknown
>

Willow Rosenberg walked into Sunnydale U's large library. She was almost better. It just had so many books and so much better computers than Sunnydale High's. Better modem connection, better Internet Server, a more advance brand and to top it all off, they were all Pentium II's. She smiled at the librarian, who in turned scowled back at her.
>

Willow frowned, something that might accualy cheer her up was ruined by this libarian's snobby additude. It had been almost a week since Buffy's death, and thing were almost returning back to normal. Almost. Things seemed empty without Buffy. Nothing was the same. Willow hadn't even cast a spell since Buffy's funeral.
>

She sighed as she logged on the Net. She was about to get on one of her chat rooms when she found that she couldn't move her fingers to type. Tears welled up in her eyes. How many times had she gotten on the Net to look something up for Buffy?

>

"Willow," she looked up to see Anya standing behind her. Willow suddenly became uneasy as she looked up at the pretty brunette. Then relaxed when she noticed the other girl's unease. The girl was once a demon who made with the bad magic to avenge scorned women, but was now a human girl who had a huge crush on Xander. Willow could relate to that.

>

Willow asked, "Hey Anya, what's up?"

>

Anya sat down, her eyes were full of tears. Willow asked, "Anya, what's wrong?" She didn't know Buffy that well, did she? She couldn't be mourning over Buffy's death, could she?

>

Anya answered, "It's Xander, he's gone Willow. I looked for him every where last night, I even waited for him in the basement all morning for him, but he was gone."

>

Willow was suddenly full of worry. Things did not disappear on the Hellmouth, well, they did, but they had a reason. She said, "I'm sure he'll turn up Anya."

>

Anya nodded and walked away.

>

"Giles, Xander's been missing all day," Willow explained. Oz nodded in agreement from his cage. It would be a full moon in a few minutes, and so Oz would be furry and fanged.

>

Spike took a drag from his cigarette and said, "So?"

>

Willow wanted to slap the white-haired vampire. She glared at him. Giles emerged from the back room and said, "This may be no cause for worry Willow. Maybe he's just not handling this well."

>

"Maybe something ate him," Spike chuckled.

>

Willow glared at him. She suddenly wanted to use her powers to hurt someone. She wondered for a brief moment what would happen if she cursed Spike like she did Angel. Giles said, "It maybe not wise to provoke her William, she is a witch, and she is the one who recursed Angel."

>

Go Giles, Willow thought. Spike flinched and said, "Don't anger the pretty little witch then, good advice." He was mocking both of them. He was blackmailed into helping them and he hated it with a fiery passion.

>

Spike chuckled and said, "I'll go find the annoying lad for you." With that the vampire swept out of the room, his long, black, leather coat swaying around him.

>

Giles asked, "Are you sure you will be alright?"

>

Willow bravely smiled and said, "Go on Giles, find Xander."

>

He left in moments, leaving Willow alone with a wolfed-out Oz.

>

>

>

Willow heard something. She put her spell book down and looked up. Nothing. She heard Xander's voice say, "Hiya Willow."

>

"Xander, is that you?" Willow called out.

>

"Hey Will," Xander drawled as he stepped out of the shadows.

>

"Xander, we were so worried about you," Willow told him, so glad to see him. She couldn't handle two dead best friends in a week.

>

"How ya doing Will?" he asked with his mocking grin. Willow watched him as he walked toward her. He was dressed in black leather pants, a tight white T-shirt, black combat boots, and a black biker jacket. Not typical XanderWare.

>

She said, "Oh, I'm okay. How are you?"

>

He sauntered to her in a way that reminded her of how Angel moved. Fluid, graceful, swift, and deadly. Like a stalking wolf. He grinned his Xander grin, except there was an evil undertone beneath it. He said, "Hungry." Then his face morphed to that of a vampire's. His warm, soft, brown eyes turned glowing golden, his soft mouth displayed sharp, gleaming fangs.

>

"I'm sorry," she told her best friend, someone she had loved since she was five.

>

Xander said, "No problem Will, it wasn't your fault. In fact it's

pretty cool."
>

She ran to the counter, reaching for the tranq gun or a cross. "Hey Will, no fair." She was spun away from the counter by a small blond form.
>

Buffy smiled at her, displaying her fangs. She said, "You'll like being a vampire Willow, trust us."
>

The only thing Willow could say was, "Oh, my God." There was one way she could get out of this. Release Oz, distracting Vamp Buffy and Xander long enough to run away. She ran to the cage. Her fingers almost opened the release when Buffy's slender fingers wrapped around Willow's pale wrist.
>

Willow screamed as fangs sank into her throat.
>

Los Angeles

7:29 A.M.
>

Cordelia Chase walked into the office and looked around. The sun had just risen, and Angel was probably asleep now, or hopefully. The vampire had been up for six days strait, fighting each night and not taking care of himself period. It didn't take a genius to figure out that he was heavily mourning, but he might get himself killed if he wasn't careful.
>

The phone rang, she picked it up and answered, "Cordelia Chase, how may I help you?"
>

"Cordelia . . ." It was Giles, then the phone went dead.
>

"Giles, Giles, Giles!!!" She pushed the buttons to reconnect the call, but all she got was static.
>

She jumped up and ran down into the basement. Angel was asleep, his arm thrown carelessly over his head. He jerked up and looked at her. He was nude from the waist up, from what Cordelia could tell. He asked, a little groggy, "Cordy, what is it?"
>

Cordelia caught her breath and told him about what had happened with Giles and the phone. He stood up in one fluid motion, luckily he was wearing drawstring pants. He asked, "Do you think he might be in trouble?"
>

She shrugged and answered, "It's the Hellmouth, who knows."
>

He walked to his clothes press and looked at her. She asked, "What is it?"
>

"Could you leave?" he asked pointly.
>

"Why?" she asked, not quite grasping the message that he was sending her.
>

He lifted a pair of black jeans and a black shirt up into her view. Cordelia suddenly turned bright pink. She twisted a ring on her finger and managed, "Oh, I'm so sorry Angel." She pointed upstairs and said, "I'll just be upstairs." She kept looking at him as she walked to the steps, banging into a chest of some sort.
>

She flinched at the sting on her calves but continued to walk, a big, innocent, slightly goofy smile on her face. Angel said, "Thank you."

>

"No problem," she managed before she raced up the stairs.
>

Sunnydale

7:30 A.M.
>

Giles watched as Oz restlessly paced around his condo. Oz said, "Both Xander and Willow are missing Giles. They wouldn't disappear without telling one of us. At least, Willow would have told me." Giles didn't need to hear the werewolf's silently added "I hope she would," to it.

>

Giles looked at his phone. He had been trying to call up Angel and it went dead. That was not a good sign.

>

>

>

Sunnydale

After Dark
>

Angel dropped Cordelia off at Giles' condo and told her, "Be careful, Cordelia. If he's not there get to the Bronze as fast as you can."

>

The brunette nodded and said, "Yeah Angel, I will."

>

Doyle leaned over and said, "He means it Cordy." The brunette rolled her eyes and strolled up to the porch. Angel watched as a very human Giles opened the door and let her in. The vampire sighed in relief and said, "Okay, now it's off to Willy's."

>

As they drove, Doyle's curiosity won out, like Angel thought it would. He asked, "What's Willy's?"

>

Angel shrugged and answered, "It's a dive for the underworld. And a good place to get information, at the right price." Angel grinned and made a fist, he said, "Luckily I have a five-fingered discount."

>

Willy's Bar

>

Angel strode in, Willy looked up at him, turning instantly pale. Willy motioned for him to come over, Angel did. Willy whispered, "Angel, man, I'm glad you're here."

>

"Why?" Angel asked skeptically. Willy had sold him out once, and Angel knew that he could do it again.

>

Willy pointed at a vampire drinking a beer. He had curly dark hair, was wearing black leather from head to toe, except for his white T-shirt. For some reason, vampires liked to wear leather, Angel didn't get it, they just did. He was about 18-19 when he was made. Wirily built, gangly.

>

The vampire, as he knew that Angel was looking at him, looked up. Angel froze in shock. It was Xander Harris. "Oh, my god . . ."

>

"What?" Doyle asked beside him.

>

Angel answered, "It's Xander."

>

"Cordy's ex? The one who calls you Dead Boy?" Doyle asked.

>

Angel nodded. Xander smiled, probably enjoying Angel's discomfit. He drawled, "Hiya Dead Boy."

>

Angel said the only thing he could, "I'm sorry Xander."

>

The gangly boy chuckled and said, "I'm not, it's pretty cool. Living forever, being super strong, no one's gonna pick on me anymore."

>

Angel shook his head, feeling a fierce sorrow that the boy had been killed, and that he would have to kill him perminately. Xander moved closer, saying, "That means I can kick your ass Dead Boy."

>

Then he threw a punch. Angel caught his wrist and flipped him over the bar. He ignored Willy's cries of protest as Xander stood up. The boy snarled, "Okay Dead Boy, it's time to become dusted." With that his face shifted into full vampiric bloom, his light brown eyes turning golden, fangs gleaming in his mouth. Angel suddenly thought he looked kind of batlike the way Xander's ears naturally stood out.

>

Angel acted before the boy could respond. He may have super strength, be harder to kill, tougher, and faster, but Angel had something that Xander didn't. Experience and cunning. Angel had been fighting longer than Xander had, and was trained at it, Xander "The King of Creatins" Harris wasn't.

>

He snarled, "Who's your sire?" _So I can kill them for you when this is over. So I can avenge your death._

>

Xander stood up and snarled, "Wouldn't you like to know Dead Boy?"

>

He jumped at Angel. The older vampire spun in a graceful arch and grabbed the boy's collar. He spun Xander around and slung him to the ground. Angel grabbed a pool Que and snapped it over his knee. He brought it up, about ready to steak Xander. He said, "I'm sorry, for everything." Xander, even the new-and-not-improved Demonic Xander, should get the meaning to that.

>

Xander impossibly grinned and quipped, "Well, the Dark Side has its perks and everything."

>

"Joking to the end," Angel said sadly, raising his arm, ready to strike.

>

"You will be," Xander said with a sadistic smile. Then he swung his leg up, kicking Angel full in the groin.

>

Xander stood up as Angel fell to his knees, gagging. Xander kicked Angel's spiky head and rib cage. Xander glared down at Angel, a

luxury that he so enjoyed. He grinned and quipped, "Sorry Angel, but my 'sire' might get a little angry if I kill you." He chuckled as Angel gagged up at him.
>

Then he grabbed his beer mug and gulped the last of its contents. He walked out of the bar, slamming the mug into the wall. While he was doing this, he was laughing all the while.
>

He called out, "See ya later Dead Boy!"
>

Angel stood up, still sore from where Xander had attacked. Doyle asked, "Are you okay, because that looked really painful?"
>

Angel answered, "They got Xander, no, I'm not okay."
>

Doyle said, "So know you go kill Xander and his sire."
>

"Exactly," Angel said as he reached out and grabbed Willy around the neck. He said, "But first, I'm gonna need some answers."
>

Vampire Lair
>

Buffy walked into the abandoned warehouse which she, Willow, and Xander took refuge in the day. She felt great, she had just fed. There was just one thing missing and he was tall, with broad shoulders and very brooding. A.k.a. Angel, but she didn't want that Angel, she wanted his savage alter ego, Angelus. She wanted an equal, someone who could match her new cruelty and love her fiercely, just like Angel did.
>

But now Buffy was different, and Angel wouldn't love her, but Angelus would probably delight in her. The thing was, he was in Los Angeles, and she wasn't ready to leave Sunnyhell yet. Willow sauntered in the room, pouting.
>

Out of all of them she had changed the most. She was dressed in leather, a bodice that laced up to reveal a whole lot and very tight pants. She whined, "Board now, where's Xander?"
>

"I'm here Baby," he called out as he entered the room and wrapped his arm around Willow's waist. The girl was delighted as he nuzzled at her neck, Buffy rolled her eyes in disgust.
>

Xander said, "Hey Buffmyster, I saw someone who you'll wanna see."

>

"Who?" Buffy asked as she rolled her eyes.

>

"Well, he's tall and likes to brood a lot," Xander quipped as he nipped at Willow's neck, which caused the redheaded vamp to squeal in delight.

>

Buffy knew she was beaming like a street lamp when he said that. Angel was here, in Sunnydale. Buffy could almost shout in delight.

>

>

>

Giles' Condo

>

"Xander's a vampire?" Cordelia, Giles and Oz chorused in disbelief.

>

Angel sadly nodded, not wanting to meet their gazes. He wasn't good at dealing with people, and now was one of those really bad times. He looked at Giles' furnishings, not knowing what to say. Doyle walked over from the bar, holding a drink for Cordelia and himself. He slid the glass from Cordelia, who didn't see it.

>

The girl was trying her best not to break out sobbing. She violently twisted a napkin in her hands and whispered, "It's not true." Giles looked lost and regretful. Oz even looked fazed.

>

Doyle nodded and said, "Saw the lad vamp out myself darlin', he's a vampire now. He even beat Angel."

>

A pair of green eyes, a pair of greyish blue hidden by glasses and brown eyes glanced at him. Angel felt even more uncomfortable than before. He said, "He caught me off guard."

>

Doyle leaned over and whispered, loud enough for Angel to hear, "What he's saying is that the kid got him good in the . . ."

>

"Shut up Doyle," he told the half-breed. Doyle did.

>

Giles took off his glasses and held them absently. He said, "I wonder who is his sire?"

>

Angel stood up and said, "Well, I am going to find out."

>

Giles slid his glasses back onto his face and asked, "Are you sure that's safe?"

>

Angel shrugged as he slipped into his duster. Safety was not an issue in his case, just in others. He said, absently, "I'll be careful."

>

>

>

The Bronze

>

Angel snuck in from the back so he didn't have to pay the cover charge. It was a habit so familiar to him that he barely realized he did it anymore, when he was here at least. He looked around, shutting out all of the painful memories that this place brought him. He looked over to the pool table and slightly smiled. There was a dent still from when the Vampire Willow had taken over the Bronze and he had slammed a vampire into the table during the battle. Then he had taken a pool ball and smashed it against a vamp's skull.

>

He absently wondered if it had affected anyone's game. He continued to stalk the night club, shutting out any human's presence and looking for any vampire.

>

There was one. At the bar. It was a blond female, small in build, her back turned to Angel.

>

Two collage seniors walked up to her, nudging elbows. One cleared his voice and came onto her, "Hey Babe, why don't you and me go out and have some fun?"

>

She shook her head slightly. His pal boasted, "Why would she want you when she could have a real man like me?"

>

Angel walked over to them and placed one hand on each shoulder. They turned to look at him in surprise. Angel smiled just a little bit and said, "You boys really don't know what you're dealing with here, and take my advice, you don't. So it would be a highly intelligent thing for you to leave."

>

They looked at him, shrugged and sauntered off. The vampire chuckled and Angel froze.

>

He knew that voice. He would know that voice anywhere. It haunted his

days and kept him awake at nights.

>

Buffy Summers turned around and smiled up at him adoringly. Angel felt an imaginary blade cleave his heart in two. Someone had made Buffy into a vampire. Someone had drained her and forced her to drink their blood. His Buffy.

>

"Oh god," he murmured.

>

She smiled and said, "Hey Angel, why don't you take a seat? Thanks for getting those guys away from me, you're always my Guardian Angel. Always watching over me." She chuckled and tossed her long golden hair.

>

She was beautiful, pale, which even made her more lovely in a perverse way. She would always look like this, until someone killed her. Her huge green eyes twinkled at him, but she, the Buffy he had fell in love with, wasn't there. He was looking into the eyes of a killer, a hunter.

>

She asked him, her tone teasing, "Are we going to go out and fight, or are you just going to stand there and gape at me, or are you going to sit down and have a drink with me?"

>

He fell on the stool beside him, looking down at his hands. He asked, "Who did this to you?"

>

She shrugged and answered, "It's not important, because I killed the son of a bitch."

>

He looked at her and whispered, "I'm sorry."

>

She grinned wickedly and said, "Just think about it, we could be together forever. Never ageing, being together forever, making trouble and other things forever."

>

He fiercely shook his head and said, "No, you know that."

>

She teased, "You can just give in you know, we both want it. Put your mind at ease as they say."

>

He stood up and strode out of the Bronze.

>

Giles' Condo

>

Giles was about to go after Angel when the vampire strode into the room. He opened up the cabinet and pulled out a large glass. Then he got out Giles' bottle of whiskey that he kept and filled up the glass. Giles watched in amazement as the vampire swallowed the glass's contents in one gulp.

>

The look in Angel's eyes was lost and empty. Giles didn't like that look, in fact, it terrified him. Doyle stood up and went to his friend. The half-breed asked, "Are you all right?"

>

Angel slammed the glass down on the counter, it was amazing that it didn't break. Then he burst out into hysterical laughter, like an insane man. Now Giles knew there had to be something extremely wrong, or maybe Angel had lost his mind.

>

Angel stopped and looked up at them and answered, "Buffy didn't die, she's a . . . a . . . a . . ." He sighed, "She's a vampire. Someone changed her."

>

Giles could only stand there in shock.

>

>

>

Buffy, Willow, and Xander watched, unnoticed, threw Giles' window. Willow clapped her hands and said, "Ohhh goodie, when are we going to play?"

>

Xander took a cigarette from his jacket, lit it and took a drag. He looked board, and hungry. He looked at Buffy and said, "This may be a problem. We gotta get rid of the old man, you know."

>

Buffy grinned as she watched Angel stair in utter despair. _How do you like it, Lover?_ she thought. Maybe she should torture him like he did her. Make him stay awake during the day, wondering what was she doing, who was she killing, and having the knowledge that he couldn't kill her, no matter what she did.

>

Or maybe she could play some totally different game.

>

But suffering would definitely be involved.

>

Then she looked at Giles. Xander was right, he would be a problem. Willow said, "I'm hungry."

>

Xander took her hand and said, "Well, you wanna go snag a bite to eat?"

>

Willow cheerfully nodded. Buffy wanted to stay here and watch Angel. Xander asked, "You comin' Buff?"

>

Buffy took one last look at her ex-lover and nodded.

>

The Next Night

>

There were six of them, Angel taking the lead, Giles bringing up the rear, and Cordelia, Doyle, Anya and Oz in the middle. They were stalking Sunnydale, looking for two vampires that had been very close to all of them at one time. Each of them were armed, Angel had a katana, Cordelia had a crossbow, Doyle had a short staff, Anya had a cross and a spell book, Oz had the tranq gun, and Giles had a baseball bat, a wooden steak and a crossbow to top it all off.

>

Angel wasn't sure that he could go through with it. He froze when he fought Xander last night, and he wasn't sure what he would do when he fought Buffy. He had fought her times before, training or as Angelus, and as Angelus he had beat her until he triggered something inside of her. Fury. Hatred. Fear. Or maybe all three.

>

Doyle muttered behind him, "I am not combat ready, I am not combat ready, man. I shouldn't be here. I'm gonna die."

>

Cordelia spun around and hissed at him, "Shut up Doyle, you're not gonna die."

>

Angel didn't have to turn to see that Doyle was smiling ear to ear. He asked, "You really care for me darlin'?"

>

"In your dreams, Loser Boy," she snapped. Then she groaned and walked to be beside Angel. She was grumbling something about how only losers got crushes on her or something.

>

Then she looked at Angel and asked, "Are you okay?"

>

It was a question that people had been asking him for the past week. This time he was going to answer this. He said, "No. I am not okay. I don't think I'll ever be okay again."

>

Cordy whispered, "I'm sorry." He looked at her. There was actually a kind, caring person under that bitchy exterior. Then she said, "We'll do something, really. I mean that we've been through slimy demons, bloodsucking lawyers, rich, powerful vampires, and other things, like Doyle."

>

"Hey!" Doyle exclaimed from behind them. Angel shook his head and half smiled, which was the reaction she was trying to get.
>

She said, "Why can't we all have normal lives?"
>

Angel shrugged and kept walking. She was hurt too. Deep down, she probably still loved Xander, and now she might have to kill him. Then he looked back at Giles and Oz. Oh, god. Oz.
>

Willow was missing too. She might be a vampire as well. Poor Oz. The werewolf even looked ruffled, his calm serenity gone.
>

Then he smelled the dead. Fresh blood had been spilled recently. He licked his lips, his own hunger starting to rise with the sweetly sickening coppery sent. He realized that it had been days since he last fed, and that was only pig's blood. Not the blood bank blood he had been taking to drinking again at Doyle's suggestion. So he wouldn't be tempted, the halfling had said.
>

He pointed and they turned with him. There were four teen-age corpses lying in the ally. The bite marks were fresh. Giles bent down and checked for a pulse, Angel knew that he wasn't going to find one.
>

Then Angel saw something that made his stomach turn. There was a folded piece of paper on one of the corsepe's chest. He knew that handwriting in which his name was scrawled on the paper. He reached down and picked up the piece of paper. He opened it up. It simply read one word: FOREVER. The sheet of paper crumpled in his hand.
>

Doyle asked, "What is it?"
>

He looked up, he knew what she was doing, because he did the same thing to her. He cursed, "Damn it." It was just the beginning.
>

INTERLUDE
>

Angel and the others had been following a trail of death and destruction for the last week, always too late. The pain was starting to wear on each of them: Cordy complained at the slightest thing, Doyle was jumpier than normal, Oz wouldn't sit still and he shouted when things got too much for him to handle, Anya wouldn't stop crying, Giles seemed quietly withdrawn, and Angel was waiting for the storm to break loose.
>

>

Angel sensed a vampire nearby. He trailed the feeling into an ally. He watched in shock as Willow dropped a body to the ground. It was Anya. Angel looked down, silently mourning the girl for a moment.

>

Willow smiled up at him, her eyes glowing brilliant gold in the dark. It might wear Willow's face, but it wasn't Willow. She was dressed like the Willow from the alternative dimension, tight black leather. It was all of Willow's dark tendencies, no matter how hidden when she was alive, brought out. Every dark fantasy brought out to life, every dark desire, every dark thought.

>

Angel said, "Come on Willow, let's get this over with."

>

Then, a sharp blow came at his head from behind. He crumpled to the ground to see Buffy standing above him, smiling brightly. She said, "Come on Boyfriend, are you gonna kill me or just sit there all night?"

>

Willow giggled as she disappeared into the darkness. Angel rose up in one fluid motion. He towered above his former lover and spat, "You're not Buffy, she's dead."

>

She chuckled and said, "You just keep telling yourself that, Angel." Then she kicked his face. Angel grabbed her and flipped her over his shoulder. She kicked his knees, bringing him down.

>

She jumped up and said, "Talk about a major case of_ deja vu_." She was right about that, except the rolls were reversed. Angel swept at her legs and stood up just as she fell to the ground, her skull cracking the pavement.

>

Buffy flipped up and clocked Angel right in the jaw, snapping his head back. Taking advantage of the moment, she punched his chest and stomach rapidly before she knocked him to the ground. Angel, dazed for a moment, looked up at her. She hadn't vamped out yet, and neither did he.

>

She teased, "Aww, come on Angel, I _know_ you're not done yet."

>

Buffy watched as Angel's dark eyes flashed with anger as he sprang up. He said, "You're right, I just needed to be woke up."

>

They traded blows, neither gaining nor losing ground.

>

Angel sent a roundhouse kick to her head. He wanted her to vamp out, if she still wore his beloved's face, Angel didn't think he could kill her. She ducked and caught his leg. She used his momentum to send him sprawling to the ground.
>

He rose up, his anger rising. He threw her to the ground. She flipped up and Angel slammed her against a brick wall. He took a steak from his duster and looked at her. She was grinning at him, waiting. The steak felt heavy in his hand, it wavered. Then it clattered to the pavement.
>

He couldn't do it. He couldn't kill her, and in that he had damned countless people to suffer.
>

She said, "I knew you couldn't do it."
>

He looked at her, wanting to hurt her, like she did him a long time ago. He pulled a vial of Holy Water from his duster, uncapped it, and splashed it across her skin. She screamed as it sizzled into her flesh. He turned around, his head bowed in defeat.
>

Angel sat down in front of Buffy's grave site. He reached out and ran his fingers through the disturbed soil. Doyle came up beside him and sat down beside him. Angel said, "I don't want a lecture right now Doyle. I couldn't kill her, I had her and I couldn't do it."
>

Doyle said, "I know man, I don't think anyone could have. She couldn't you."
>

Angel looked at the headstone and lightly traced his fingers over her name. He whispered, "But, Doyle, I just wrote the death sentence for countless humans."
>

Doyle said, "You're not gonna save everyone off the bat you know, just do what you can. You'll stop her."
>

Angel shrugged and thought, _But at what cost?_
>

The end!

But more to come in the future.

>

>

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>

2. Default Chapter Title

AS DARKNESS SEDUCES

The second part in the "As Darkness Falls" saga.

>

.DISCLAIMER: I do not own any of the "Angel" or "Buffy" characters, so don't sue me. I don't own any of the song lyrics either.

>

OTHER CRAP: Buffy is now an evil vampire who has turned Willow and Xander into her loyal subjects. The powerful vamp is missing one thing in her perfect scheme: Angel, and she will stop at nothing to get him.

>

>

>

*Beating me down, down into the ground.

Falling away from me!

Beating me down, down into the ground.*

KoRn, "Falling Away from Me"

>

Angel had fallen asleep in his chair, a book draped over his lap. He tossed fitfully, troubled by nightmarish images. Buffy's lovely face twisted into something demonic as blood dripped from her gleaming fangs. Buffy smiling at him as she taunted him into attacking her. Buffy smiling shyly at him as she lightly brushed her lips against his.

>

He smiled. The dream was so realistic that he could feel her lips against his. He leaned forward and let her deepen the kiss, giving her the temporary control that she wanted. Then he opened his eyes to find Buffy really there. She stopped kissing him, but she didn't back away.

>

He leapt out of his chair and furiously wiped his mouth off. She laughed and said, "Well, it never seemed to bother you before when we kissed."

>

He sneered, "Well things were different." You weren't a bloodsucking

fiend then.

>

She said, "Like you have any room to talk."

>

"I'm different from you, I have a soul," he spat, telling himself these things over and over. It might look like Buffy, but it wasn't. The thing was that his body wouldn't listen to his mind.

>

She approached him, lightly caressing his chest. He backed away, right into the wall. She said, "Come on Angel, don't deny what you are, who you are. Don't run from me."

>

"I don't run from anyone," he hissed.

>

She shrugged and replied, "Looks like you're running from me."

>

He glared at her, letting his anger rise. Don't think of her as Buffy, he told himself. This was the thing that sent him to Hell, that had ripped out his heart when he was vulnerable and open three times in a row, who had not explained her actions when he had. The evil in Buffy, not Buffy. He said, "I will kill you."

>

"You couldn't last time," she replied sweetly. She was right, he had her pinned, could have staked her but he couldn't bring himself to do it. Instead, he flung Holy water in her face.

>

He replied, "Well, I recover quickly."

>

She looked around his basement dwelling, at all the weapons that he had stored, and at the kitchen. She said, "No, you don't Cryptic Guy."

>

The title was so familiar that Angel, for one moment, had forgotten who they were. Not vampire and vampire, and not Slayer and vampire, just Buffy and Angel, two people who loved each other so much that it was beyond sweetness and beyond pain. He blocked away the memories and fiercely reminded himself that Buffy was dead, and what was standing before him was a demon.

>

She smiled and said, "You don't know what to think, I *am* Buffy. Look at me." He looked away from her and to his library. He felt and heard her move closer to him. Her strong fingers took hold of his face and forcefully turned his face to her. The thing was, that vampires didn't feel cold to each other, it actually felt like Buffy caressing his cheek.

>

She whispered, "Feel me. I am Buffy, just improved."

>

"No . . ." he managed as she moved even closer to him. They were almost touching, and Angel was losing control. She stood on her tip toes, almost on level with his mouth. She was such a little thing, her head only barely coming up to his shoulders. She was so delicate looking.

>

He moved his head down toward hers. Then she kissed him. He held her up so that he wasn't so hunched over and that she wasn't straining up anymore. She held him tightly, and so did he. Just clinging to each other and kissing. Then he felt her fingers digging into his shoulders, stinging and drawing blood. She dug deeper with her nails as she continued to kiss him.

>

Angel suddenly remembered who he was, and *what* she was. He pushed her away. She smiled up at him and showed him her bloody finger tips. She said, "Quit being a baby, I won't hurt you." Then her smile became wicked as she amended, "Not much, but I promise that you'll like it."

>

"Stay away from me!" he growled, launching at her. He wrapped his hand around her neck and slammed her into the wall. She looked absolutely helpless in that moment, her green eyes widened even more, her mouth was in a silent cry of panic.

>

For a moment, it was Buffy. He dropped her and gently touched where he had almost crushed her windpipe. "Oh, god, Buffy . . ." he murmured, not knowing how to apologize to her.

>

She wrapped her slender arms around him and pressed herself close. She said, "It's okay Angel, it's not your fault."

>

That's not Buffy, get away from her, he thought. But, somehow, he couldn't. He laid his head to rest on top of hers, inhaling her scent. He froze when he smelled fresh blood on her. He started to pull away, but, using her inhuman strength, and catching him off guard, she slammed him down to the floor.

>

She strattled him, holding his arms to the ground with surprising strength. She was stronger now, when she was human, she couldn't be pulled this off. He laid there still, seeing what she would do.

>

She said, "Angel, tell me what you want. Anything." With that, she bent closer, lightly kissing his face. She whispered in his ear, "Anything my love."

>

"Go to hell," he spat as he shoved her off of him. He still didn't get up, and neither did she. They sat on the wooden floor and stared each other in the eyes. It was a lot like when he had reverted,

except, he didn't bring on her transformation. The thing was, he was still attracted to her. Very much so.

>

She gracefully rose up and said, "Well, that's all for now. But, I'll be back." Then she sauntered out of the apartment.

>

Angel slumped to the ground and frowned. He sensed Doyle come in and opened his eyes to see the halfling standing above him. Doyle swallowed and nervously said, "Buffy was here."

>

Angel nodded, purposely banging his head on the wooden floor. He covered his eyes with his hands and replied, "Yeah, she was."

>

"Um, did you two get umm, *fleshy* by any chance did you?" Doyle nervously asked.

>

Angel glared up at him from where he was lying down on the floor. He snarled, "No, I didn't. If we did, you would be dead where you stand." But it was pretty close, he thought. Too damn close if you asked me.

>

He gracefully rose up. Doyle asked, "So what happened?"

>

Angel stared at an axe hung on the wall and answered, "She tried, I refused."

>

Doyle said, "And, she didn't like that."

>

Angel nodded and replied, "Right. She also told me that she will be back, so watch yourself, and tell Cordy to do the same."

>

Doyle nodded and said, "I always do."

>

Angel studied the ax absently as he replied, "I know, and you're not combat ready."

>

Doyle cracked a grin and replied, "And I don't think I'll ever be."

>

Angel turned to him and looked at him, not knowing what to say.

>

>

>

Angel waited for Buffy to come the next night. And just as he knew

she would, she entered his apartment like she owned it. Angel looked up at her and said, "Hi."

>

She smiled and said, "Good greeting. I've heard about you, this avenging Angel protecting the mortals, causing a stir for everybody else."

>

Angel said, "That's me. Just a big monkey wrench in the underworld of Los Angeles. If you see a representative from Wolfram and Hart, tell them I said 'Hello'."

>

Buffy laughed, "When did you get a sense of humor?"

>

He shrugged. He had recently called himself the pope to Kate. He answered, "I'm not sure."

>

She chuckled again as she moved closer to him. He asked, "So, what's the torment tonight?"

>

She smiled and asked, "Who said anything about torment?"

>

She glided up to him. He smiled, letting her think that she had won. She asked, "So, you're just giving up easily then?"

>

He smiled again and grabbed her, slamming her into the ground. She rose up on her elbow and eyed him. She snarled, "Willow and Xander are still in Sunnydale. Who knows what they're doing right now."

>

Angel froze, he stared down at her. He backed away and mumbled, "You wouldn't . . ."

>

"I would too," she replied as she ran out the apartment.

>

Angel sank down in his chair and took a wooden stake in his hands. He twirled it in his palms, thinking about her. What was he going to do?

>

Doyle entered the apartment. He asked, "What do we do know, boy?"

>

Angel looked up at him and answered, "We go back to Sunnydale."

>

>

The End.

>

>

>

>

3. Default Chapter Title

.DISCLAIMER: I do not own any of the "Angel" or "Buffy" characters, so don't sue me.

>

>

"As Darkness Kills"
>

"How do you know that she was serious? I mean, Xander and Willow can't be slaughtering all of Sunnydale, right?" Cordelia asked from the back seat.
>

Angel ignored her. His main focus was to get to Sunnydale as soon as possible. Who knows what was happening right now as they spoke, who was dying.
>

Doyle said, "Man, you couldn't have stopped her. No one's perfect. You save one person at a time and do your best. Her soul's already gone, she's not the Buffy you knew."
>

I should know that better than anyone, Angel thought bitterly, his hands curling around the steering wheel. He had two chances to kill her, to have it all done, and he didn't take it. His head hurt. Of all the things that had happened in the past week, all he could say was that his head hurt. There was a certain irony to that somewhere, but Angel didn't want to think of it right now.
>

Cordelia said, "This isn't right."
>

"What isn't right, Princess?" Doyle asked as he turned to look at her.
>

"Everything, it just doesn't feel right," she answered, lightly rubbing her arms like she was cold.
>

Angel could feel it too. Something was going to happen tonight, and he didn't know what. He looked at the sign that read "Welcome to Sunnydale" as they drove into the seemingly quiet peaceful town.

>

Buffy, Xander, and Willow watched as the classic convertible glided into Sunnydale. Willow whistled and said, "Cool car."
>

Xander did his male jealousy thing and grumpily replied, "It's not that great. It's just a car."

>

Willow snuggled into Xander's arms and nibbled on his ear. Buffy ignored them as she watched the black car drive away. Her bait had worked. Angel was back in Sunnydale where he belonged. With her. But first, a little revenge was on the menu.

>

She turned around to see Willow and Xander now necking against the oak tree. She rolled her eyes and asked, "Should I leave you two alone, or do you want me to watch?"

>

They turned to look at her. Willow's eyes gleamed mischievously as she said, "You can join us if you want."

>

Xander instantly agreed with her. He said, "Yeah, Buffy, it'll be fun."

>

>

"No thanks," she cheerfully replied. Even as a vampire she wasn't into that thing. Like she had said earlier, she only wanted Angel. She watched for a moment more as the Chrysler disappeared from view.

>

She turned to them again. She said, "Okay, the plan is you watch Giles. Nothing else, just let him know that your watching him. I've got other business to attend to now."

>

"With Dead Boy," Xander said in disgust.

>

"Jealous?" Buffy taunted, daring him to challenge her.

>

He said, "Look Buff, we don't need him. The guy's bad news, okay."

>

Buffy growled as she grabbed him around the throat and slammed him against the oak. It was one of Spike's key rules: Never let an underling challenge you like that. "I *need* Angel in ways you couldn't possibly understand, all right? If you got a problem with that, take it up with me. Do you have a problem, Xander?" she snarled into his face.

>

He looked afraid for a moment and then acted like nothing had happened. He cheerfully answered, "Me? Have a problem with Angel? You have me confused with someone else Buff."

>

"Smart boy," she said as she dropped him.

>

Willow rolled her head and said, "We could have so much fun together. We want Angel, don't we Buffy?"
>

Maybe Willow had a slight crush on him when she was alive, or something. Angel had that effect on women. Buffy smiled before she went to go follow Angel.
>

Angel thought they were being watched as he rang the door bell to Giles' condo. Oz answered the door, looking shocked to see Angel, Cordelia and Doyle standing there. Doyle rocked back and fourth on his heels and said, "Hello there, man. We've come to pay a wee bit of a visit."
>

Giles appeared behind Oz. His eyes widened in relief when he saw them standing there. He said, "Thank God that you're here Angel. It's been bloody since you left. No sign of Buffy, it was Xander and Willow. They have been feeding nonstop, and we can't stop them."
>

Angel nodded grimly. Damn her. He said, "I know. She came to me . . ." He couldn't finish the rest of the sentence. He couldn't tell him what he had almost done in his apartment when she visited him. How close he was to loose it all at that moment. Doyle looked over at him, a sympathy in his keen blue eyes.
>

Angel sighed and said, "I'll go look for Willow and Xander. I'll stop them."
>

Cordelia looked at him worryly, so did Doyle. She reached out and grabbed the sleeve of his duster. She said, "Be careful then. Don't do anything stupid, like getting yourself turned into a giant pile of dust. Because, you're my job security and all that."
>

Angel's smile was sad. He had a feeling that he was never going to smile again. He now felt what happened to all of his victims that he did this to. It was worse than the guilt that he had felt before, and that added even more to his guilt. Maybe after he had taken care of Buffy, *if* he could, he just might shut himself away for a hundred years.
>

He said, "Thanks Cordy. I'll try to be careful."
>

Cordelia rolled her eyes. She huffed, "Yeah, right."
>

Oz glanced over at him. He looked so lost, his tranquility that normally guided him gone. He said, "Angel, please, before you . . ."

>

Angel nodded and said, "I'll tell her, even though she wouldn't

care."
>

"Thanks man," he said quietly.
>

Angel smiled sympathetically. They were going through the same thing right now. Giles asked, "You're not planning to go alone without a plan, are you?"
>

Angel looked the Watcher directly in the eyes and answered, "I'm gonna find each of them and kill them. That's my plan." I can kill Xander and probably Willow. But Buffy is a whole other matter. I still see her as **my** Buffy. I know that's she's not, that's some demon in her body, but I **can't**.
>

Parker. Buffy could smell him, the bastard. There he was, flirting with some unexpecting girl with coppery red hair. The Bronze was crowded tonight, more so than usual. She could feel the crush of bodies around her, smell the blood ripe in all of their so unexpecting veins.
>

The dark-haired boy started to kiss his redheaded companion. Poor girl, she didn't know what she was getting into. She would make a fine appetizer. Buffy slowly approached them, her body swaying seductively to the music. Parker looked up like a good boy. He would make easy prey. He deserved everything that Buffy was going to do to him.
>

She raised her arms to the air and swayed her body even more suggestively. Parker was captivated. Stupid human. He stood up from his latest conquest and moved to her. She smiled at him as he approached her.
>

He said, "Hi Buffy."
>

"Hello Parker," she half-heartily replied, keeping her body swaying in time with the music. She ignored him as she rolled her hips to the dance, making him want and watch her. She could smell desire on him. Well, guess she was better than more than one go around.
>

He asked, "Do you wanna dance?"
>

She shook her head. She wanted to feed off of him. She answered, "No, I wanna go somewhere a little more quiet, don't you agree?"
>

His face lit up as she took his hand and lead him out of the Bronze. She got him into the shadows when she vamped out. He took one look and cried out like a little girl. She rolled her eyes as she sank her fangs into his neck, drinking deeply.
>

She felt his life seep from him into her. Soon, his heart stopped. She dropped his cooling body and walked into the Bronze. She felt better now. Ready for Angel.

>

Angel entered the smokey den that was the Bronze. The crowding teenagers danced obvious to the danger around them, unaware that vampires moved among them at this very moment. He walked over to the bar and leaned against it, observing both levels of the Bronze. Then he felt a familiar presence at his side.

>

There Buffy was, dressed in a burgundy slip dress with her long blond hair cascading down her back. Burgundy was one of her best colors, one of the colors Angel liked seeing her in the most. He had never told her that, but maybe by the powers of female observation, she had known that. Damn her.

>

She was leaning against the bar, just as he was, observing all of the Bronze's patronage, just as he was. She mused, "I wonder if I could kill someone before you could get to me."

>

A muscle in his jaw twitched. He replied, "Well, lets not find out."

>

She smiled coyly at him and said, "I'll make a preoposition with you Angel."

>

"What?" he asked suspiciously.

>

"You dance with me or I'll start killing these stupid humans. I bet I could get at least five before you could get to me," she taunted.

>

Again, the muscle in his jaw twitched. That wasn't fair. He could do it though. He would have to. He straitened to his full highth and towered over her. He held out his hand and said, "Fine then. Dance with me?"

>

She chuckled as she took his hand. She said, "This should be fun." He ignored her as he led her to the dance floor and held her woodenly in his arms.

>

He sort of podded around in a circle when the music switched to from the sweet ballet it was playing to a seductive, velvety song. She started to sway in time with the music, her body lightly brushing against his. He tried to ignore it, tried not to feel it.

>

>

She looked up at him, trying to catch his eye. He looked above her

head at a spot of paint on the wall. She traced her hand down to his waist, then back up to his shoulder.

>

Buffy could see that Angel was struggling for control now. She laid her head on his broad shoulder for a moment and traced her fingers down his back. She felt the muscles flex under his shirt, tensing up. He wasn't liking this one bit. Well, she was going to make him like this, or die trying.

>

"Quit that," he hissed.

>

She asked innocently, "Quit what?" Then she traced her fingers down his spine and around his waist. She looped her index finger in one of the belt loops in his pants.

>

He answered shakily, "That."

>

She got closer and whispered in his ear, "Oh, *this*."

>

"Stop. It. Now," he forced out.

>

She smiled at him, at the flash in his deep brown eyes. He looked down at her and smiled. She suddenly was afraid. He wouldn't steak her in a crowd of people, would he? She knew he was armed, she could feel the racket mechanism under his shirt sleeve.

>

No. Instead he started to sway in time with the music as well, moving her with him. Never touching, he ran his hands down her back, then back up again, the second time around lightly grazing her back. He bent down and whispered, "It works both ways, you know."

>

She got his meaning, and she didn't care. Maybe it was too soon, but it would be worth it. He placed his hands around her waist and rubbed them upwards, stopping at her armpits and then moving back down.

>

She sighed, "I'm seeing that now."

>

He whispered in her ear, "I can tell."

>

Angel backed away after the song ended. They looked at each other, both taking unneeded shallow breaths. He snarled, "There, it's over."

>

She glared at him as he turned from her and walked out of the Bronze.

>

"Dammit." The curse came swiftly from Angel's lips. Again, too close. He leaned his head against Giles's door. The door opened, and Angel nearly fell flat on his face. He immediately straitened up and looked down at Oz.
>

The werewolf said, "No luck, hunya?"
>

Angel shook his head and then he heard and sensed something. His head jerked upwards as he looked around the parameter. Oz said it, "Willow. It's Willow. I can smell her."
>

Angel looked over at him and asked, "Can you smell anyone else?" Then he lightly sniffed the air. He groped out with his senses to find two vampires, one male, one female. Then he saw them. Willow and Xander. Xander smiled at him and bowed, and Willow waved gayly at Oz.

>

"Oh my God," Oz murmured. Then his voice filled with unbearable pain as he moaned his beloved's name, "Willow."
>

Angel watched them, watching to see if they would do anything. Willow stroked her hair behind her ears and Xander chuckled at both of their discomfort. Angel gritted his teeth. Buffy was their sire, as he was Spike and Dru's. Damn it. She was copping him.
>

"Damnit," Angel snarled. He knew Buffy's game now. He knew what she was planning. He was her inspiration. "Damn it," he cursed again.

>

"What is it, Angel?" Oz asked as he watched Willow.
>

"Get in the house now Oz," Angel crisply answered.
>

Cordelia walked out to the poach. She asked, "Hey Angel, what's up?" Then she screamed when she saw Willow and Xander. "Oh, my God, Xander, Willow . . ." she stuttered.
>

Angel stepped in front of both teenagers and snarled at Xander. Xander called out, "Sounds like a personal problem to me, Soul Boy."

>

"Burn in Hell, Harris," Angel snarled in response. Oz and Cordelia exchanged startled looks. The boy had pushed his final button with that taunt.
>

Cordelia asked, "He just didn't, did he?"
>

Oz nodded and replied, "Yeah, he said the H-word."

>

As a rule, Angel never told anyone to go to Hell. He would never wish that fate on anyone, not even his worse enemy, unless they hurt Buffy of course. He knew what Hell was like, he had felt its torment for centuries, and he would never wish that fate on anyone. Until now.

>

Even Xander looked startled, Willow just giggled. Giles and Doyle walked on the porch. Angel was in vamp face now, and snarling at the other two vampires. He heard Giles say, "Oh my Lord. It's Xander and Willow."

>

Willow called out, "Hi Giles, do you got that spell book I wanted?"

>

>

Angel turned to see Giles's look of horror. "Hiya G-Man! How's it going?" Xander cheerfully replied.

>

Doyle leaned up and whispered to Angel, "Why don't you go return the favor that the boy gave you?"

>

Angel grinned just a bit. The thought was a good one. He replied, "Not now Doyle, I know what they are up to."

>

"What do you mean?" the halfling asked.

>

Angel answered, "I'll tell you later."

>

Giles told him, "If you have any information on their plans, it would be very helpful."

>

Angel ignored him as Willow and Xander smiled and waved at Giles, turned, and disappeared in the shadows. Angel spun around to look the Watcher in the face. He knew who Buffy's next target was, it only made since. Smart girl, tricky demon.

>

Angel said, "I know who they're gonna be after next." He waited until he had everyone's attention. The Watcher waited expectantly. They had a strange bond, not quite teacher and student, but not quite friends either. Angel knew that he owed the Watcher a lot, and he wasn't going to let him get killed. Not on his watch anyway. He looked directly in Giles's eyes and told him, "You."

>

"Why would they wanna kill Giles?" Cordelia asked.

>

Doyle shrugged and said, "He's a Watcher, he knows stuff that could kill them. So, it's a safety precaution."
>

Also, it's Buffy getting rid of everything that made her human, Angel realized with a tightening in his stomach. He watched Giles' surprised expression. The Watcher took off his glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose to relieve some of the pressure there. None of them wanted to attack Buffy, exspecially not Angel and Giles.
>

He looked at Giles and asked, "Now what?"
>

Buffy was angry. It was a usual state of having anything to do with Angel. Anger. Love. Hate. Passion. Kinship. Closeness. Frustration. All these emotions were mixed up with being in the general vicinity of him. Even now, as a demon he still had that effect on her. Well, at least she had the same effect on him, and there was the whole plus of killing Parker.
>

She leaned up against the tree. She had told Willow and Xander to meet her at Weatherly Park, but they hadn't shown up yet from their mission of stalking Giles. She wondered if they had ran into Angel and he dusted them. Not good. Then she saw the demonic pair emerge from the shadows. She straitened up and called out, "So, how did it go?"
>

Willow shrugged and answered, "I think Angel knows now."
>

Xander asked, "So, we're gonna go after G-Man now?"
>

Buffy smiled and answered, "Yep, time for Giles to bite the dust. Come on, we've got stuff to plan." It was almost like old times as the three disappeared into the shadows.
>

Spike couldn't believe it. That was just wrong. Some bloody wanker had turned the Slayer. That couldn't happen. Slayers didn't become vampires. They just died. Well, at least he could kill her now without a splitting migraine. Maybe Angel could use some help. The white-haired vampire took a drag of his cigarette and turned into the darkness.
>

>

>

"Okay Willy, one more time. Where the hell is Buffy?" Angel calmly asked the shady bartender.
>

Willy went even paler and stuttered, "I don't know man, and her little pals haven't been here either. Besides, Angel, it's broad daylight."
>

Angel slammed the human's head into the bar. Blood oozed from where the skin had broke on his forehead. Angel smiled and whispered, "I haven't eaten in days, Willy, and . . ." Angel smiled at his fear. He was going to crack, and Angel could sense it.
>

Willy whimpered, "Angel, man, I love you like a . . ."
>

SLAM! Again, Angel slammed his flat head into the bar. He pulled Willy up by the lapels and held him in the air easily with one hand. He told the wormy human, "Willy, I'm not a very patent person right now. And, I will enjoy kicking your ass even more than I normally would."
>

"Angel, man, I'm helpless . . ."
>

Angel rolled his eyes and slammed Willy's body into the mirror above the bar. The weasely bartender fell to the ground and looked up at Angel with fear in his eyes. Angel bent over the bar and calmly asked, "Willy, what have you heard?"
>

"It's wrong," a gravelly voice came from the back of the room. Angel stood up, spun around and looked for the person who spoke. It was a chaos demon in all of its slimy, tinticaled glory.
>

Angel asked it, "Have you heard anything about the Slayer?"
>

"Don't you mean the Slayer who is now a vampire?" the foul demon rasped.
>

Angel glared at it and felt like asking, "Do you have any idea who the hell I am, you slimy bastard?" But, like usual, he was silent and waiting for the demon to finish.
>

The demon went on, "She chased everyone out of the sewers around two days ago. Exspeclaly those near that old mansion that Spike and you use to reside that, and near the home of the Watcher. They are after the Englishman."
>

Angel approached the demon and asked, "Do you know what they're planning?"
>

The demon looked up at him and smiled, or what would pass for a smile under those tenticals and needle teeth. Angel felt the urge to smash its face in so he wouldn't have to look at it anymore. The demon answered, "I won't tell you, Angelus."
>

"Stupid move," he told the demon before he was in motion. He slammed

the demon into the table and pulled a knife from the holster in on his wrist. He pointed it at the creature's slimy, scaled throat and lightly scraped the skin to show that he was serious. He calmly asked, "What is she planning?"

>

"Tonight, the Watcher. She plans to lure him to the sewers. I don't know how, but she will," the creature rasped.

>

"Thanks," Angel told it before he stabbed the creature in its throat, killing it. He rose up and everyone in the bar cleared a path for him. He turned and looked at the various vampires and demons that watched him, wanting to attack but not because of their fear. Their smell was thick in the air and it made Angel sick to think about it.

>

He turned from them and headed for the sewer exit when they attacked.

>

Cordelia looked at the three men before her. She crossed her arms and glared at them. She snapped, "Okay, it's dark and Angel isn't back yet. Shouldn't we be, um, *worried*?"

>

Giles took off his glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose. Doyle looked around nervously and said, "Well, maybe he got caught up somewhere."

>

Oz supplied, "Maybe he needed sometime to himself. You know how Angel is."

>

Cordy whirled on Doyle and poked his chest. She sneered, "Yeah, or maybe Angel wound up on the wrong in of a wooden steak! Or, Buffy could be cutting off parts right now!"

>

Doyle flinched and his brilliant blue eyes widened in shock as he backed away from Queen C. She pulled on her denim jacket and turned to face the menfolk. She sneered, "I'm gonna go save Angel, anyone wanna come with me?"

>

Oz and Doyle looked at each other and followed her out of the condo. Leaving Giles alone.

>

>

>

Angel threw the demon over his shoulder. The black, scaley thing hit the mirror behind the bar and shattered it in a storm of glass and aluminum. He snarled and displayed his fangs at the other vamps and demons. He took up another stance as two vampires charged at him.

>

Giles heard a knock on his door. He grabbed his crossbow and opened it. Buffy was standing at his door and asked, "Geez, Giles, what took ya so long?" Then she grabbed the crossbow and spun him out of the house.
>

She took the advantage and kicked him while he was down. Giles rolled out of the lithe vampire's way and looked up at his former protégé. Buffy, or rather, the demon that was in control of her body, picked him up and slammed him into the fountain in his courtyard.
>

Giles flinched and groaned in pain as he slammed into the heavy concrete slab then slid into the stagnated water. He looked up and saw Buffy standing before him, still not wearing the feral visage of the vampire. She reached down and grabbed him by the lapels. She hefted him out of the water one handed. He reached out and tried to grab her wrist and spin her arm around her, but she caught his wrist and started to crush the bones beneath the skin. He grunted as he felt them pulverize under her grip. She then threw him farther away from the house.
>

Giles struggled to his feet and prepared to fight his former Slayer. She smiled and quipped, "Poor, pitiful Giles, always getting the living shit beat out of him. Just think though, Ripper, that it will be all over soon."
>

Giles cursed, "Bloody hell." He took one last look at Buffy and began to ran. He heard her laugh as he sprinted away.
>

Angel snarled helplessly as the two vampires, a glamor demon, a winged gargoyle-type creature, and another chaos demon held him against the bar. Willy looked at him from where he was hiding behind the bar and holding a cross in front of his face. One of the vampires twisted Angel's left arm behind his back and snapped the bone at the elbow.
>

Angel snarled in pain as the bone shattered. He reared his head back and slammed it into the other vampire's. The moment's disorientation was all Angel needed to break out of the grasp of the demons who held him. He kicked the chaos demon in the ribs, back handed the other vampire, and head-butted the winged creature. He jumped on top of the bar and then to the pool table, giving him some distance between his attackers.
>

He stomped on a pool Cue and sent them flying to his hand. An instant weapon. He spun it around in his good hand, with his left arm lying limply at his side. It would be healed in a very short time, but he needed to get out of here first. He slammed it into the other vampire who had him pinned.
>

The one who had broken his arm snarled at him. The gargoyle told it, "You don't want to kill him and tick off the ex-Slayer. She will torture you if she fount out. She wants him alive, and I don't want

to piss her off." It's voice sounded like scraping gravel, and Angel didn't like it.

>

He kicked a pool ball off the table, strait into the other vampire's face. He flinched and the gargoyle demon charged at him. Angel spun gracefully out of it's way and flipped over the table. He tested his left arm. It still needed to heal. Damn it. All he needed was a moment's distraction and he could get the hell out of here. No help for him, though.

>

Giles saw Willow and Xander flanking him from the side. He hadn't seen Buffy in the last five minutes. His lungs were starting to burn, he wasn't as young as he use to be. Then, Willow was in front of him and Xander was behind him. He stopped and looked for a way to escape.

>

This wasn't right. After all they had faced together, this was how it was going to end. Well, Ripper, what are you going to do now? he asked himself. He sighed and then looked down. A manhole cover. It would buy him some time at least.

>

He opened it and slid down into the dark sewers.

>

Angel was slammed into the thick brick wall. He swore he heard a rib crack, or something. He coughed up some bloody spittle and wrapped his arm around his wounded side. He rose as high as he could and snarled. His vampiric face was cut and bloody in several places, and he was seriously disoriented. They might not kill him, but they were going to make sure that he was going to hurt first.

>

Then the doors opened and Cordelia, Doyle and Oz walked into the bar, armed with crossbows loaded with both silver and wooden bolts. They took aim at the vampires first. They were dusted in a matter of moments. The demons looked at the silver arrows that they were loading and then at each other. The gargoyle demon took another shot at Angel before they fled.

>

Angel slumped to the ground, needing a moment to heal and orient himself. They were automatically at his side. Doyle was inspecting him and asking, "Angel, boyle, are you alright?"

>

Angel shook his head and spit up some more blood. Cordelia moaned, "Ewwww, gross. That's just nasty."

>

Oz drawled, "Well, Cordy, you wouldn't feel so hot after you had been in a fight with a shindig of vampires and other nastys."

>

Doyle helped him up. Angel felt his body starting to recover and heal. He would like nothing more at that moment to lie down and go to sleep. Then Doyle started to twitch. Angel placed his friend to the

ground.
>

Oz asked as Doyle started to convulse, "What's wrong with him?"

>

"He's having a vision, hushh," Cordelia harshly answered as she bent to Doyle's side.
>

Angel asked as soon as the halfling stopped twitching, "What did you see?"
>

Doyle rasped out, "Your friend, the old Brit, he's in trouble."

>

Angel was frantic. "Where is he?"
>

Doyle shook his head and managed, "In the sewers, I don't know where."
>

Angel stood up and walked out of the bar. He wasn't paying any attention to the pain anymore; he had other things to worry about.

>

It was dimly lit in the tunnels. Giles was cautious as he tramped through the muck. The smell was awful, and his lungs were already burring from his fifty-yard dash. Then he heard the voice, "Giles!" Buffy. She called out his name again, this time taunting him. Giles started to run.
>

Then he ran right in front of her. She held the crossbow at the ready and grinned at him. Giles spun around and started to run in the opposite direction. Then, a sharp pain ripped through his left shoulder. He cried out when he saw the bolt sticking through his arm.

>

Buffy asked, "How did you think Angel felt when you shot him?"

>

>

Giles kept running as fast as he could. He ran to a drain. There was no escape. He looked down, then behind him. Buffy smiled at him and took aim. Giles took one look at her and leaped into the green muck below him.
>

His shoulder dulled to a throb as he hit the cold, filthy water. He plunged into its green depths, not realizing that it was this deep. He began to swim despite his limbs were starting to go numb. He staggered out of the water, gasping for air, only to find Buffy

smiling down at him with Willow and a smoking Xander beside her.

>

For a moment Giles thought of Angelus, Spike and Drusilla. That was just what they were like. She was pattering herself off Angel. And that was what Angel was trying to tell him last night, except that she wouldn't get to that point, they hoped. Here she was, taunting her victim and torturing him just for pleasure.

>

Buffy smiled at him and said, "Sorry, Giles, this was fun, but, it's time to grow up." Then she aimed the crossbow.

>

Jenny . . . Was Rupert Giles's last thought before he spun into eternal darkness.

>

"NO!" The scream tore Angel's throat ragged. Buffy, Xander, and Willow looked up at him. Giles's body floated on top of the water with two crossbow bolts stuck in him. No, no, no, it shouldn't end this way. Not Giles, Giles who had been through so much only to be killed by his student, his Slayer. The girl he loved like a daughter.

>

He jumped down into the stagnant water. He snarled and let his face transform. Buffy dropped the crossbow. He knew that she wouldn't kill him, not yet anyway. He snarled, "You bitch."

>

Buffy raised an eyebrow at him and taunted, "This isn't anyway to treat the girl whom you claimed to love, Angel."

>

"That girl is dead!" Angel snarled. Then he sprang. He didn't notice that Willow had the tranq gun that they used on Oz in her hands until the dart hit him in the stomach. He fell to his knees as the drugs took affect on him.

>

Buffy stood above him and smiled. She waved at him and said, "Nighty, night, Angel."

>

Then the last thing Angel felt before he passed out was the coldness of the stagnate water as he fell face first into it.

>

The End!

More to come though!

>

>

>

>

>

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>

4. Default Chapter Title

DISCLAIMER: I do not own any of the "Angel" or "Buffy" characters, so don't sue me.
>

As Darkness Overcomes
>

Doyle, Cordelia, and Oz watched as Buffy, Willow and Xander emerged from the sewers, dragging Angel behind him. "The tranq gun, that's how they got him," the werewolf mumbled.
>

Doyle gritted his teeth. No one was going to treat Angel like this. Angel was his friend, someone who didn't care that he got all blue-prickly face with red eyes and fangs, but saw Doyle for who he was on the inside. Angel had been through enough all ready, and this was it.
>

Doyle was going to fight now. To the death if he needed. Cordy took his hand and met his eyes. He could see fear in the dark depths of her huge eyes. She whispered, "Now what?"
>

Oz asked in his subtle way, "Where's Giles?"
>

They walked into the sewers. Cordelia screamed when she saw the body and crumbled into Doyle's arms. Normally, he would be overcome with glee at the prospect with holding his Princess, but right now there were other things to contend with. Oz looked away and took several deep breaths, placing his head between his legs. He stroked Cordelia's long hair as he observed the two crossbow bolts imbedded in the Watcher's heart and shoulder.
>

"Princess, could you let me go for a second?" he asked. Doyle couldn't believe he just asked that. Cordelia did and moved over to Oz. They took hands and watched Doyle, wide eyed, as he looked at the Englishman. He didn't know him that well, but Rupert Giles seemed like to be a fine man, for an Englishman, and Angel held him in the highest respect. He was regretful that his death had to be so senseless, but he would go on.
>

Now, Oz and Cordelia on the other hand, had known Giles for a very long time and was his friend. They weren't going to get over this for a long time, perhaps never. If they survived this.
>

Doyle suddenly wondered what was going to happen to Angel when this

was all over. He wondered what was happening to Angel now.

>

Angel awoke with a start and tried to sit up only to find out that his arms were chained. He looked above his head to see that heavy, iron chains bounded his wrist to a head board. He looked down around him. He was lying on a bed with a red velvet comforter. Also, that he was clean, not covered in sewage, but shirtless.

>

He remembered the tranq gun, and Giles's body. He growled deep in his throat in frustration and yanked on the chains. Well, to look on the bright side, at least he was healed. But Angel wasn't one to look on the bright side, most of the time anyway. He twisted around to see his surroundings.

>

The room was heavily curtained, so sunlight couldn't get in. Candles were lit in various places around the room. Angel could smell the scented voiltives. Vanilla, lavender, cinnamon, and jasmine, all innocent and sweet smells. He continued to look around the room, not finding much out other than he was in an expensive home. The room had high ceilings and wide walls. He closed his eyes and laid his head back on the pillows.

>

What was he going to do?

>

Xander watched as Cordelia, Oz and the other guy who didn't smell right talk. Cordy whipped tears off her face. She was upset, and scared. He could smell her fear on her, thick and heavy. As that wacked chick Drusilla would say, "It's delicious." Xander was hungry, and Cordy was gonna have to die anyway.

>

He started to follow the trio.

>

Angel heard someone walk into the room and opened his eyes to see whom he had expected. He asked Buffy as she walked into the room, "Do you know how tiring it gets to be chained up all the time?"

>

She smiled at him as she took off her leather jacket and tossed it to the floor. She looked at him and answered, "Well, it looks good on you."

>

He caught her eye. Maybe he could make her mad enough to kill him. Doyle would have to take on the fight, but he knew in his heart that he could handle it. He leered at her, "Then that's why women always chain me up then."

>

Her eyes narrowed. Good. He was getting her pissed off now. Then she smiled at him as she sat on the bed beside him. He didn't like that smile, in fact it frightened him. She was looking at him like a cat would a mouse. Hungry and predatory, and determined. She wasn't going to stop until she had what she wanted.

>

Which happened to be Angel.

>

He asked, "So, what's it gonna be, torture?"

>

Her smile was serphinic as she answered, "Nope. Not torture." She leaned in close, he twisted his head away so he wouldn't look into her eyes. She whispered, "There are more fun ways to make you scream, you know."

>

He jerked to look her in the eye. Then he laughed at her. Right in the face. She was startled as she sat back from him. He chuckled, "That's the best thing I've heard in a while, Buff." He drew her nickname out to surprise her even more. He never called her Buff, except when he was evil. He didn't call people their nicknames. He always went on the full name, or what they wanted to be called.

>

She pushed her hair out of her face and frowned at him. He smiled at her, hiding his fear. He told her, "You know I've been in worse situations than this."

>

Then it was her turn to smile as she quipped, "And I was the one to always bust your ass out."

>

He chuckled and shook his head. He replied, "You haven't been to Los Angeles, lately haven't you? The Hellmouth is nothing compared to it."

>

"Excuse you, but I use to live in L.A. Thank you very much," she snapped at him.

>

He chuckled, "But you didn't see what I've seen. Sure, there was Lothos and everything, but that was nothing compared to what the city truly hides."

>

She laid beside him and looked at the ceiling. She said, "Yeah, the evil lawyers and everything."

>

Angel remembered a joke someone told him. He quipped, "Well, the only difference between a lawyer and a vampire is that the vamp didn't choose to become a bloodsucking fiend."

>

She laughed so hard that the bed shook beneath them. She pulled herself up on one arm and hovered above him. She told him, "Very funny." Then she laid back down on the bed and went on, "I like the whole funny thing. Never knew that you had a sense of humor."

>

Angel just looked up at the ceiling. He thought about how he was going to get out of this one. He had a plan. The thing was, could he pull it off?

>

Oz had separated from Doyle and Cordy. He held the crossbow in his hand. His palms were sweating, a problem he often had when playing the guitar. He wiped his hands off of his cargos and then tightened his grip on the crossbow.

>

He looked up at the half moon at the sky and frowned. If he wasn't a werewolf, he might have had a chance to save Willow. If he wasn't locked up in a cage, he could have stopped Xander and Buffy long enough to have Willow run out of the building. If Willow would have run. Willow would never desert any of her friends when it came down to it.

>

He sighed and stepped into the abandoned warehouse. Glass shattered beneath his Airwalks as quietly he paced the area. Oz smelled something very familiar. He looked up to see a small figure with a head of bright red hair standing on the platform above him. Willow.

>

She was dressed in black leather that accented her slender body. She smiled down at him and waved. She jumped off the platform and landed gracefully on her feet in front of him. Oz watched her warily.

>

"Board now," she told Oz in a singsong voice.

>

Oz felt a tiny shiver down his spine. He told Willow, "I know this isn't you, Will. I also want you to know that I still love you, and that I understand."

>

She laughed and said, "Silly puppy." Oz pointed the crossbow at her. He aimed, and hesitated.

>

That moments' hesitation cost him everything.

>

Willow, morphing into vamp face, batted the crossbow out of his hands. Then she grabbed onto Oz with surprising strength. Oz looked up, he had lost all resistance to fight. Then he felt a sharp prick at his throat, and everything spun into darkness. Forever.

>

"Why don't we curse Buffy with her soul, and she and Angel could be together forever." Doyle looked into Cordelia's hopeful face. She was smiling pleadingly, like the time she had asked Angel for a raise. Angel had only ignored her and drunk his morning coffee.

>

Doyle studied her. She was truly an amazing person. She had a lot more depth to herself than she let on. He frowned. What she was suggesting was impossible. Angel couldn't deal with it, and the girl would go insane. A Slayer's soul trapped into a vampire's body, it would drive her mad. Even with someone like Angel to back her up.

>

Besides, who was going to cast the spell to curse her? Cordy couldn't do it, Doyle couldn't do it, and Angel probably wouldn't do it. He wasn't going to let his beloved suffer the same fate that he was meant to.

>

Angel. The eternal hero. Or the vampiric Batman. Something like that.

>

He said, "Princess, it wouldn't work. Angel wouldn't want to put Buffy through all that, besides, she would go insane."

>

"It's not fair!" Cordelia cried in that ever so frustrated manor of hers with throwing her hands up in the air.

>

"Life isn't Princess, you should 'o learned that by now," he informed her.

>

She whirled on him with her hazel eyes snapping. She poked him in the chest, saying, "Angel's constantly getting dumped on. He's helping all these people, and getting *nothing* for it! We both see him suffer day after day, and there's nothing we can do about it. Angel's my friend, damnit little Irish Man! And nothing is gonna change that!" With that, she spun on her heel and stomped away.

>

It wasn't fair. Cordelia stomped on the wet pavement angrily as she separated herself farther and farther from Doyle. She was angry at the little Irish man. It didn't add to the fact that she was also attracted to him terribly. "Stupid little retard," she grumbled under her breath as she walked.

>

"But I've changed, Cor, really, I have." She froze as Xander Harris stepped from the shadows.

>

He was dressed in black leather from head to toe, and a bright red T-shirt. He looked like almost every vampire that Angel fought. In an attempt of her bravo, she snapped, "Well, being dead gives you the right to dress like every other vampire out there. God, Xander, even dead you still can't dress."

>

He smiled as his face morphed to the always so charming vamp face. The superior look fell from Cordelia's face. He reached out and yanked her hair. She screamed as he brought her neck closer to his

fangs. She struggled uselessly.
>

Then she heard a familiar Irish lilt, "Let her go, Boyle, or it's not gonna be pretty."
>

Xander spun around to face Doyle. The little Irish man was taking off his retro jacket and balling his hands into fists. Cordy shouted, "Doyle, go get Angel! Find him!"
>

Xander chuckled, "He's with Buffy. Just thought you should know Cordy. She's having some fun right now with him. So, that's why I'm here to bug you, and the midget."
>

"My name is Doyle," Doyle told Xander as he walked over to him. Doyle had never looked as pissed as he did now. He was really pissed, and he wanted Xander.
>

Xander gripped her neck, Cordy screeched. Xander told him, "Stay back, Drunk Boy, or I'll snap Cordy's neck."
>

Cordy had to roll her eyes as she said, "Gee, why does everyone have to copy off of Angel's bad boy tricks."
>

Xander whispered in her ear as Doyle froze, "I didn't say anything about biting."
>

Cordelia Chase screamed as Xander's fangs found their mark.
>

"NO!" The anguished cry tore itself from Doyle's throat as Cordelia's body hit the pavement with a slap.
>

"Something wrong, little guy?" the vampire asked.
>

Doyle growled, his face morphing into that of his other half. Blue spikes poked themselves out of his face as his eyes glowed red. Doyle cried out and charged him.
>

Xander smiled and grabbed him. The vampire lifted him up and slammed him into the ground. Doyle looked up to see Xander raise up a heavy two-by-four.
>

The Irish Demon's cries of agony filled the night.
>

Angel looked up at the ceiling, then strait into the flame of the candle. Buffy had been going in and out for the past couple of hours. He had a plan, but the question was could he pull it off before it

went too far.

>

Well, if she was here, he could, but, unfortunately, she wasn't.

>

"Damn it," he cursed as he looked into the bright orange flame. He was still for a moment as he reflected on all that happened. If he hadn't of left he wouldn't be in this situation, and Buffy would still be alive. This was all. . . . No, it wasn't. It wasn't his fault. It wasn't Giles's fault. It wasn't anyone's fault; no one could have prevented this.

>

Now the question was, could Angel let go?

>

A few minutes later Buffy walked into the room and threw her leather jacket on the floor. Angel made eye contact. Sometimes being a world-class liar could come in handy. After all, he was the vampire who hid his vampirism from the Slayer. She stopped and looked at him intently.

>

Both of them just watched each other. None of them moved, and neither talked. She crossed the few spaces to the bed and settled herself beside him. Please, let me be able to do this. He watched her carefully. She was unarmed that was a good sign, as well as the hopeful, hungry look in her eyes.

>

She raised her head toward his and looked him directly in the eye. Her look was triumphant now, adding to the hunger. Now was the time to let her think that she had won. Angel was suddenly comfortable. He wasn't worried about lifting the curse now. This wasn't his Buffy. They might have some similarities, and wear the same face, but it wasn't *his* Buffy. He could do this, and he would.

>

He lifted himself up as high as he could, just high enough to kiss her. He did just that. He kissed her hard and long, which surprised her. She gasped and leaned into it, his brazenness surprising her. Good.

>

He kept kissing her, neither needing to come up for air, and he didn't have to worry about hurting her now. Her hands clutched his shoulder, his face. Come on, just a bit higher, Buffy, just a bit, Angel pleaded silently. They worked their way up to the shackles. Yes, come on Buffy, he thought. His plan was working. Her hands began to unlock the chains. I'll be damned. It worked. He was free.

>

He wrapped his arms around her and then rolled. He was on top now. This was the second part of his plan. He trailed down to her neck, and she moaned his name. Then he took her hands and slipped them strait into the shackles and locked them with one simple movement.

5. Default Chapter Title

DISCLAIMER: I do not own any of the "Angel" or "Buffy" characters, so don't sue me.

>

>

As Darkness Lightens

>

Angel laid the book down on the night stand and looked around the room. He and Doyle had taken up residence in Giles's condo now. Their plan was that they were going to take out Buffy, Xander and Willow and head back to Los Angeles. At first, Angel had wanted to stay, to make sure that Sunnydale had a protector, but Doyle had pointed out that Angel was Los Angeles's protector. Angel couldn't argue with The Powers That Be, so he was going to head back to L.A. when this was all over.

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Buffy was dead. Angel realized that, and also that it wasn't his fault. That made him feel not guilty, but it made it hurt worse. He missed her so much. This was nothing compared to missing her every day when he had left; at least then he had the secure knowledge that she was alive and well. Now, well that was a different story. He didn't have the hope that someday he could be with her as they both wanted, and that hurt him so much.

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He settled into bed, feeling tired as dawn approached. He closed his eyes and let sleep overtake him.

>

"Angel, Angel." The voice was soft as a whisper. He looked up to see Buffy standing before him, dressed in casual jeans and a burgundy tank top. He sat up, ready to fight. Then he noticed the glowing white aura clinging to her.

>

"Buffy?" he asked, unsure of what was going on.

>

She sat down beside him and answered, "Yeah, it's me. Really me."

>

Angel looked down and said, "I'm dreaming."

>

She nodded and clarified for him, "Sort of. Your body's asleep right now, but I'm here talking to you."

>

Angel looked into her eyes and asked, "How did you get here?"

>

Buffy reached out and took his hand. He let her. Her green eyes were

so sad and regretful. "I needed to talk to you," she answered, "And I needed to tell you good bye."

>

Good byes were final. That's why he had left Sunnydale without telling her good bye. He knew that their story was not over yet. Now it was, because of some bastard of a vampire.

He felt her hand caress his face, wiping away a tear that had fallen unnoticed. He turned to her hand and took it. He opened his eyes and asked, "Who killed you?"

>

She sadly smiled and answered, "Some guy that I knew in high school. He had this crush on me. He didn't know I was the Slayer, and he surprised me." She chuckled and added, "The first thing that *she* did when she woke up was kill the dork."

>

So that part of the vampiric Buffy killing her sire was true. "I'm sorry," he told her.

>

She laughed bitterly, "Not as sorry as I am. I'm seeing this *monster* with my face killing my friends and trying to hurt you."

>

"I can take care of myself," Angel told her.

>

"Angel, I want you to make me a promise," she said.

>

He looked into the depths of her green eyes. There was so much turbulent emotion there. He whispered, "Anything, just name it."

>

"Kill her. Steak her bitchy ass to the ground. Chop her into little pieces if you have to. I don't care, I just want her dead," she strongly told him.

>

He simply told her, "Done."

>

Then she sniffled. Her soul was crying. Angel reached for her as she reached for him. He held her tightly, never wanting to let her go, but knowing that he had to. She told him, "I understand."

>

He nodded as he rocked her gently. He knew what she was talking about. She finally understood why he had left, and that comforted him just a bit. He kissed her hair and told her, "I love you."

>

"I love you," she replied as she clutched at his shoulders. He held her tighter, memorizing the curves of her body, the feel of her, how she smelled, her true warmth, everything that he could. "I don't want

to leave," she told him.
>

He replied, "I don't want you to either."
>

She pulled back slightly and they looked into each other's eyes. She reached out and stroked his face, he closed his eyes and breathed her in. Then she leaned up and kissed him. He held her tightly as he kissed her back . . .
>

Angel awoke just before sundown, reaching for his beloved. Then he remembered that it had been a dream, all of it. The vampire had never felt so alone in his long life. He just stared up at the ceiling, at the crystals that Giles had previously hung there.
>

The crystals were of Chinese origin, and they represented good luck and life. Maybe all of Giles's sorcerer habits hadn't burned out when he had become a Watcher. Angel reached up and brushed the crystals with his fingers.
>

Steel coiled within his resolve. He had made a promise to Buffy, and he'd be damned again before he would fail her. He rose up from the bed and got ready to go out.
>

"I'm gonna go with `ya Boyle, and there is nothing you're gonna do about it," Doyle told Angel. Angel looked down at his demon friend who had risen to his full height, which wasn't that much. Anger and resolve sharpened his blue eyes as he looked at Angel.
>

"The bastard killed Cordelia, and he's gonna pay," Doyle told him sharply.
>

Angel shook his head and replied, "No, Xander's *mine*." It was a personal issue, and he was also getting revenge for Cordelia and all the times Xander had taunted him. Besides, it would only be fitting if "Dead Boy" was the one to chop his goofy looking head off, or slam a steak into his heart. Either way, Xander was going to die, tonight.
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>

Doyle didn't back down. He went up to Angel's face and told him, "He is *mine*."
>

Then Angel saw it. What Doyle had felt for Cordelia wasn't strictly lust, but he also cared for her as well. Cordelia had proved to be a true friend to the end, which happened to be very short. She was meant for more, as were they all. Angel relented, "If you can take him."
>

Doyle took his crossbow and replied, "Oh, I can take the bastard."

>

Angel tilted his head to the door and said, "Well, lets go then."

>

Willow was hunting, totally unaware that there were two hunting her at the same moment. She was thinking about what had been happening with Buffy and Angel. She could still practice her craft, except now she could do the darker things that she had secretly wanted to do. Maybe she could find a spell that could turn Angel to their side.

>

She almost giggled as a line from "Star Wars" formed in her brain. Then that thought passed as she saw her dinner: Pacey was back in town, alone. She licked her lips and straitened out her leather bodice.

>

She walked toward him. Then, suddenly, two figures stepped from the shadows. Willow didn't have any time to scream as Angel steaked her through the heart.

>

Willow's ashes swirled around Angel and Doyle. It had hurt Angel to do that to Willow. She was always the nicest to him, backing him up when the others had turned. Doyle said, "One down, two to go."

>

Angel placed the steak back in its device and looked down at the ash below him. He then looked into his friend's eyes and said, "Yeah, well, lets get to it."

>

They separated. Angel was searching for Buffy, and Doyle was looking for Xander.

>

Doyle had found the wanker. Xander smiled at him and quipped in that annoying voice of his, "Well, if it isn't the little gimp. Ready to get your ass kicked again, Demon Boy?"

>

Doyle lined up the crossbow and said, "I have no idea what Cordelia saw in you."

>

Xander smiled and taunted him, "She was a great kisser, but I bet you never got that far, did you? No, even Cordy doesn't date demons, shorty."

>

Doyle was pissed, he felt his face change. He pointed his crossbow and shot. Xander dodged the arrow, and it was lodged into a board in the ally. Xander rushed at him and smacked the crossbow away from his hands.

>

Doyle punched him and head butted him in the stomach. Xander grabbed him and lifted Doyle above his head. Doyle struggled as Xander tossed him into some garbage cans. Metal rattled as they collapsed on top of Doyle, and the scent of garbage wavered through his nostrils before he blacked out.

>

Xander smiled and grabbed the crossbow. He dug through the trash and found Doyle. He aimed the crossbow to his heart. "Alexander Harris." Xander spun around to see Angel standing there, holding two swords in his hands.

>

Xander was puzzled by that, why hold two swords? Angel went on, "Back when I was alive duels were challenged between rivals."

>

"So what Dead Boy, you challenging me to a duel?" Xander quipped.

>

"Do you accept?" was Angel's cryptic answer.

>

Xander smiled and replied, "Hell yeah."

>

Angel grinned, which was weird coming from Angel because he never grinned. He tossed a sword to Xander and told him, "En garde`"

>

Xander picked up the sword and swung. Angel attacked without warning. Xander, some how, managed to block the larger vampire's blow. Angel came at him again fiercely. This time, Xander swerved out of the way. Xander slipped into Vamp Face and snarled at Angel.

>

He swung at Angel, only to have his blow artfully blocked and parried by the vampire. The last thing that Xander saw was the sword's silvery blade coming toward his neck, and the last thing he heard was Angel's voice saying, "Wrong move, boy."

>

Xander's head fell to the ground before it along with the rest of his body crumbled into ash. Angel looked down at the ash and shook his head. Idiot, even in death. Doyle stood up, a banana peel clinging to his black hair.

>

"The bastard kicked my ass again," Doyle snapped.

>

Angel grinned and replied, "Well, you know."

>

Doyle shook his head in disbelief as he asked, "You enjoyed that, didn't you?"

>

Angel allowed himself just a small smile and answered, "Just a bit."

>

"Serves him right," Doyle said as he picked the banana peel from his hair.

>

Angel turned grim. Now was the time to go after Buffy. He looked at Doyle as he handed his swords to him. He said, "Go back to Giles's place. I've gotta do this part alone."

>

Doyle nodded and asked, "Can you handle it?"

>

Angel looked out of the ally and answered, "I have to." Then he swept out of the ally, leaving the demon alone.

>

Angel had been sitting on the grave for about fifteen minutes when Buffy showed up. Or rather, the demon wearing her face did. He stood up from the grave and looked at her. She crossed her arms and glared furiously up at him.

>

"This is it," he told her.

>

She replied, "But I don't want it to be it. It's not over before I say it's over."

>

Angel shrugged and said, "That's tough. This is *it*."

>

Then he threw the first punch. It contacted with her jaw, snapping her head back. She recovered with a growl and threw a snap kick at his jaw. He caught her leg and snapped it to the ground. She sent a vicious back hand to his face.

>

Seeing the moment's advantage, she whaled up on him. Angel lost counts of the kicks and punches as she used him like a punching bag. He fell to the soft ground. His face morphed in anger. He shook it off; he wanted to be wearing his human face when he killed her.

>

He sprang up, grabbed her around her slender waist, and flipped her over his shoulder. He spun around and grabbed her by her long hair. He spun with her for a moment and slung her into a grave. Her grave. She looked at it and snarled.

>

Angel finally saw the face of a demon. Her eyes glowed golden, her delicate features were sculpted into something heinous, and fangs gleamed in her soft, perfect mouth. They rushed at each other.

>

Her arms locked around his waist, and his around her neck. They tried to flip each other to the ground, but ended up falling in a tangle of limbs. Angel pushed her off of him and stood up. She desperately swung her legs under his, sweeping them out from underneath him.

>

He fell to the ground with a soft thud. She was on top of him, her hands around his throat. Her finger nails were being driven in his throat as she squeezed tightly. Angel fumbled for his steak, it was jammed into the device.

>

Then suddenly, impossibaly, she arched back and cried out before she exploded into a cloud of ash on top of Angel. Angel pulled himself up to see, also impossibly, Spike.

>

Spike stood above him and took a cigarette and a lighter from his leather duster. He causally lit it and took a drag. Angel looked to see a steak by his foot, then looked up at Spike. Spike said, "One should never sire a bloody Slayer, it bloody never turns out good."

>

With that, the fledging flicked the cigarette into the ground and walked away from Angel. Angel was stunned. He couldn't believe it. Spike, of all people had steaked Buffy. Spike. SPIKE!

>

Angel growled as he stood up. He ran to catch up with the white-haired vampire. He grabbed Spike around the shoulder and spun him around. He snapped, "Why the hell did you do that?"

>

Spike shrugged and said, "It was wrong. A Slayer becoming a vampire. So I fixed the bloody mistake." With that, Spike shook himself out of the shocked Angel's grasp.

>

Angel stood there stunned as the other vampire walked away. "Oh hell," Angel grumbled as he sank to the ground in utter exhaustion.

>

Spike turned to him and called out, "Go back to L.A. and keep playing the vamp detective. You're bloody good at that, you know. Just get out of Sunnyhell. Trust me. It's not a safe place to be a vampire. And watch out for bloody commandos!"

>

Angel looked up as Spike left. It was over, all over, and there was nothing left for Angel in Sunnydale. Nothing at all.

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Epilogue

A Year Later.

>

Angel placed the dozen white roses on Buffy's grave, then a white rose each on Cordelia, Giles, Xander, Willow, and Oz's graves. He bent down and traced his fingers on each of their names, remembering. They were not going to be forgotten, he was going to make sure of that.

>

He knelt down, kissed his fingers, then placed them on Buffy's head stone. He had the head stone changed to this:

BUFFY ANNE SUMMERS

1981-1999

Eternally REMEMBERED

FOREVER LOVED,

THE CHOSEN ONE

THE LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

>

It had cost him a lot of money, but Angel didn't care. It fit. He whispered, "Good bye, Buffy."

Then he stood up, and with one last look at the graves, he walked away.

>

Doyle and Spike were in the car waiting for him. Spike snapped, "Took you bloody long enough, didn't it?"

>

Angel just glared at him and replied, "Don't force me to kick your ass."

>

Doyle cheered him on, "Do it, Boyle, kick Whitey's ass."

>

"Shut your bloody, mixed mouth up," Spike shouted at him.

>

Angel slid into the driver's seat and said, "That's enough you two." Then he asked Spike, "Do you wanna eat tonight?"

>

Undaunted, Spike asked, "So, we go back to L.A. and kick some more demon ass?"

>

Doyle snapped at the white-haired vampire as Angel drove out of the cemetery, "It's not just about fighting, it's about saving souls."

>

Angel grinned as he listened to the familiar argument. Spike replied, "That's Angel's job. I'm just kicking demon ass. I'm not some bloody, brooding poof."
>

As they hit the highway, Angel could have sworn he heard Buffy tell Spike and Doyle, "Watch him, take care of him for me. Okay?"
>

He looked over to see Spike as he said, "I guess so." Then Doyle answering, "Of course, Lass."
>

Angel saw Buffy's specter as she said, "Thank you." Then she faded away. But, as Angel changed lanes, her voice echoed through his mind, "Good bye, and be careful."
>

The End! Finally! No more vamp Buffy! Yea!

How did you like "The Darkness Saga"? E-mail me if you want to see an alternative ending that's not exactly happy-go-lucky, but pretty cool. Lets just say that its Buffy and Angel together forever, with a twist. The address is slayerbrat@yahoo.com . Thanks, the Elf with the fang sharp wit.

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End
file.